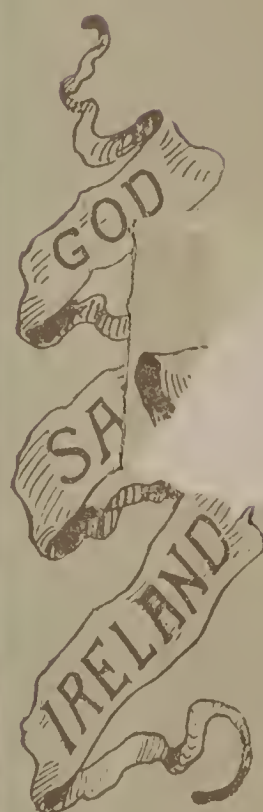
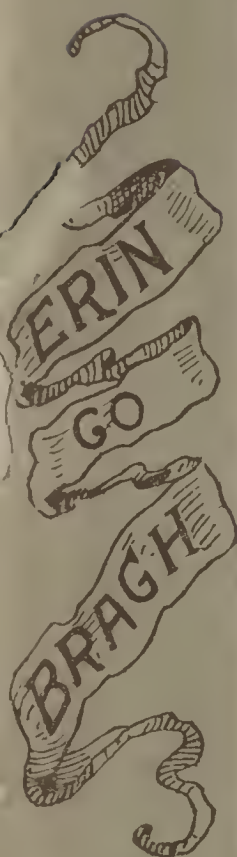


HURRAH FOR PARNELL



CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.



AND
OTHER POEMS
BY

ROBERT STEVENS PETTET.



PRICE, 25 CENTS.



ROBERT STEVENS PETTET.

Hurrah for Parnell!

WITH

OTHER POEMS

AND

Essays upon the Irish Question.

BY

ROBERT STEVENS PETTET
(An American Catholic).

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, DESIGNED

BY THE AUTHOR.

33
—
“GOD SAVE IRELAND.”
—

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THE IRISH ROCK.

Did they dream thou wert a feather to be borne on the breeze,
Thou great Irish rock, gigantic volcanic fire hewn,
Adamantine like thy mountains on whose boulders the faries
seize,
Striving fruitlessly to cleave, they'll break thee as soon.

A TERRIBLE TREASON.

No sympathetic heart, but can deeply feel with the McCarthyites, when they declare Mr. Parnell a traitor to the Irish cause. Sure, when the Divorce Court declared against them all, did he not hire Leinster Hall, and hold a meeting there all by himself, and unanimously resolved to stand by them, and afterward, when the G. O. M. gave him the "straight tip" to cut loose from such disreputable company, did he not at once comply and leave them to their own resources? They are certainly justified in resolving that, never, no never, shall he be their leader again.

THIS WORK

The product of some hours of leisure, resulting from temporary illness,
is respectfully dedicated to

TIMOTHY D. HARRINGTON, Esq., M. P.,

The Loyal-Hearted Irishman, and to such of his compatriots as have
Hearts to Feel, Minds to Discern, Souls to Appreciate and
the Candor to Acknowledge their Country's infinite
indebtedness to the Loyal Devotion and Match-
less Services of Her Gifted Son,

Charles Stewart Parnell,

The Great Constitutional Agitator for the
Liberties of

OLD IRELAND,

And Her Freedom from the Long Night of Oppression and Misrule,
resulting from the Inhumanity, Injustice, Callous Indif-
ference, and Religious Bigotry, manifested
by the

British Government,

During the past Seven Hundred Years.

THE AUTHOR.

"As a Catholic, my interests in the Church are universal, as a Christian, all mankind are my brethren, as a Citizen, the world is my country, and as a Man, all things that occur therein, interest me and prove incentives to thought and action."

THE ARGUMENT.

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL, world-renowned as the resolute, determined, loyal-hearted, Irish patriot, has made it his grand life-work to weld Ireland's sons into cohesive mass, irrespective of creeds, in support of Ireland's great constitutional agitation in favor of home rule. After long years of unwearied devotion to the Irish cause, and when his untiring efforts have brought himself and his country, to the culminating point of their labors, and to the very eve of success with "Victory about to perch itself upon their banners," he finds an astonishing treason manifesting itself in the Irish camp, breaking forth into open rebellion, and the battle he has fought so long, about to end in a rout.

The ostensible reason for this astounding state of affairs is, that Ireland, known as the chastest nation on the face of the globe, and whose people are profound respecters of the holiness of the marriage relation, have deemed Mr. Parnell unworthy to be their leader, because of his lack of moral virtue. In reality it is nothing of the kind. Well indeed it would be for Ireland, had she any such noble excuse, to justify the internicine strife which is destroying her to-day. In the first place, Mr. Parnell has not been proven guilty of the charge made against him. The man who passed unscathed, through the terrible ordeal of the Pigott conspiracy, and who lived to see his wretched traducer commit self murder—a conscience stricken suicide, the newspaper, which had lent itself as a willing instrument, mulcted to the tune of hundreds of thousands of pounds, may well be allowed the benefit of a doubt in this case. As Archbishop Walsh admits: "You cannot judge Parnell's actions as you would other men placed in similar circumstances."

"Parnell does not do things as other men do them. Take, for instance, the Piggott case. I had ample knowledge of Parnell's innocence in that matter yet Parnell allowed himself to be thought guilty. In the end, he came out clean and proved the wisdom of his long silence. So it may be in this instance."

Such being the opinion of Archbishop Walsh, how was it Irish Bishops perpetrated the political blunder of deposing their great leader, on the mere dictum of an English Statesman?

Charles Stewart Parnell was not an ordinary man, holding an ordinary position. He had been pronounced the whole world

over, 'Ireland's 'Uncrowned King'.' He had been appointed ruler of Irish destinies. He was the leader of a great people.

If it was policy at all for the Bishops to take him to task on the score of moral delinquencies, it should have been done in a manner creditable to the church.

Many times in the history of Christian nations, has Rome been called upon to defend the sanctity of the marriage relation. Many times has she put before rulers the alternative of yielding up the prerogatives of the crown, or giving up guilty private attachments.

But never has she been known to precipitate matters, by hasty and ill-timed action. And never at the dictum of one, alien to her fold and people. And never has she acted until due time and repeated warnings have been given to the offender.

Very different has been the course of the Irish Clergy, acting without instructions or advice from the Vatican.

In the impulsive manner natural to the Irish character, they have taken a moral stand against one not of their fold, whose only relation to them was one of a political nature, and have issued a manifesto, which in the light of Archbishop Walsh's latest utterances, may well be considered a veritable Irish Bull: "Sure we have declared our leader guilty, having reason to believe he may prove himself innocent."

But the great point is, that this is not a moral question at all, so far as Ireland is concerned.

Mr. Parnell who is well aware that Ireland has elected a set of representatives, and sent them to Parliament to support his policy and to act under his leadership, very naturally considers the defection of a majority, as a matter of rebellion against rightful authority. But if, as Mr. Parnell's enemies declare, he should regard a majority vote of the Irish Representatives, as the voice of Ireland in regard to his deposition, with how much greater reason shall the world at large, consider the unanimous vote, of the same assemblage, as voicing Ireland's verdict, upon the moral aspect of the case. In the face of the decision of the divorce court, Ireland's representatives, after due deliberation, unanimously pronounced in favor of Charles Stewart Parnell as Ireland's leader. No Irish Bishop or representative, was heard to give a dissenting utterance.

All were in apparent unison. The decision implied either that the chaste Irish people, considered that Mr. Parnell's private life, was not a matter to be introduced into the political question, or that they were willing to forgive and overlook his moral infirmities, in consideration of his magnificent services and future usefulness.

But when William Ewart Gladstone spoke, the situation

changed in a moment. The question then became a matter of political expediency with some, a question of personal opportunity with others, and a test of loyalty and gratitude to all. It was then that Irishmen, deeming the English statesman more useful to them than their own great Parnell, were seen abjectly bowing to the former, and deserting the latter. Ignoring their previous utterances, they placed their leader in an impossible position, and left him no alternative but to resist. None but the most biased mind, but will admit that Parnell being so well acquainted with the ulterior motives governing the actions of many of his enemies, was, and is, justified in considering himself Ireland's leader, until in an unmistakable manner his country pronounces against him. Let not Irishmen, especially Irish Catholics be deluded. This is not a question of faith or morals. The Vatican does not so regard it. Ireland stands not before the world in this instance, as a glorious martyr in defence of religion and morality. The action of Ireland's representatives, has been one of the merest political expediency, rendered nugatory by a wretched blunder, one of political disloyalty to a great leader, who has been bound hand and foot, and handed over to his enemy, one of ingratitude, of pusillanimity, and moral cowardice, in each particular.

William Ewart Gladstone, once the "Jailor" of Charles Stewart Parnell, forced as a matter of political necessity to become his "Ally," has now assumed the role of his "Judge," and Ireland is acting as the "Executioner." 'Tis not Parnell, but Erin, who should hang the head in shame.

There is no alternative for Ireland, but to undo her miserable blunder. Let her place her gallant Parnell rightfully before the world, and then if she so desire, demand that he shall meet her moral requirements, and then act accordingly.

As the case stands, Mr Parnell is justified in waging uncompromising war upon his opponents, and his friends are in duty bound to stand by him, until he is accorded fair and honorable recognition, and public reinstatement in his position, as the acknowledged leader of the Irish Nation.

Hurrah for Parnell !

THE AUTHOR.

Phila., Wednesday, December 31, 1890.

Inscribed to Charles Stewart Parnell.

IRELAND'S "UNCROWNED KING."

Now hot runs the blood in Irishmen's veins,
 Old Ireland's grievous plight, each sad heart pains,
 And our souls go forth to one whom calumny stains.
 Hurrah for Parnell !

Here's to the man who welded all of Ireland's sons,
 Into cohesive mass, o'er the world his name runs,
 With deep feeling and loud voices his admiring one's.
 Hurrah for Parnell !

Who commanded the respect of portly John Bull,
 Filling his Parliment with motions full,
 Making him wince, under the "uncrowned's" grip and pull.
 Hurrah for Parnell !

Disgruntled coadjutors and quondam friends,
 Are deserting their leader, to gain their own ends,
 The "Uncrowned," the batch of them, to coventry sends.
 Hurrah for Parnell !

In Dublin, "United Ireland" he boldly attacks,
 For the paper was giving him Judas-like whacks,
 And though the deed a little of the "high-hand," smacks.
 Hurrah for Parnell !

We make no pretension that he always does right,
 Perhaps his method occasionally savors of might,
 But who stops to split hairs in the midst of a fight?
 Hurrah for Parnell !

Some of his subaltern's to his dignity aspire ;
 Many of the lower ones, are itching to mount higher.
 Time enough when old Ireland bids him retire.
 Hurrah for Parnell !

Their rash ambition o'er their capacity vaults,
 In the midst of the crisis their energy halts,
 Throwing the mantle of charity o'er your leader's faults.
 Hurrah for Parnell !

Philadelphia, December 17th, 1890.

Inscribed to Erin.

THE IRISH SHEEP-FOLD.

Oh! Ireland, Niobe of nations doomed ever to weeps,
 Thy long battle fought so nobly, seems to end in defeat,
 Thy forces once firmly united, are now scattered like sheep,
 Which before the onslaught of fierce wolves in terror retreat.

Out of the one fold, into the wild wood and heather they stray,
 Into the midst of the storm, exposed to their enemies fang.
 Foolish sheep, had ye remained beside your shepherd that day,
 Your piteous cries would ne'er o'er the plains thus have rang.

E'en the watch dogs, in their madness, have slipped from the
 leash,
 Like wolves, devour the lambs, fly at each others throats,
 Or bite their Master's hand, who all vainly doth order beseech.
 Bah! the flock at this rate, isn't worth a half dozen groats.

Irishmen, think of long years bringing nigh to Home Rule
 And the unwearied devotion of your great gifted son.
 Shame! on unthinking men who have thus played the fool,
 And strangled the poor babe, e'er it saw the light of the sun.

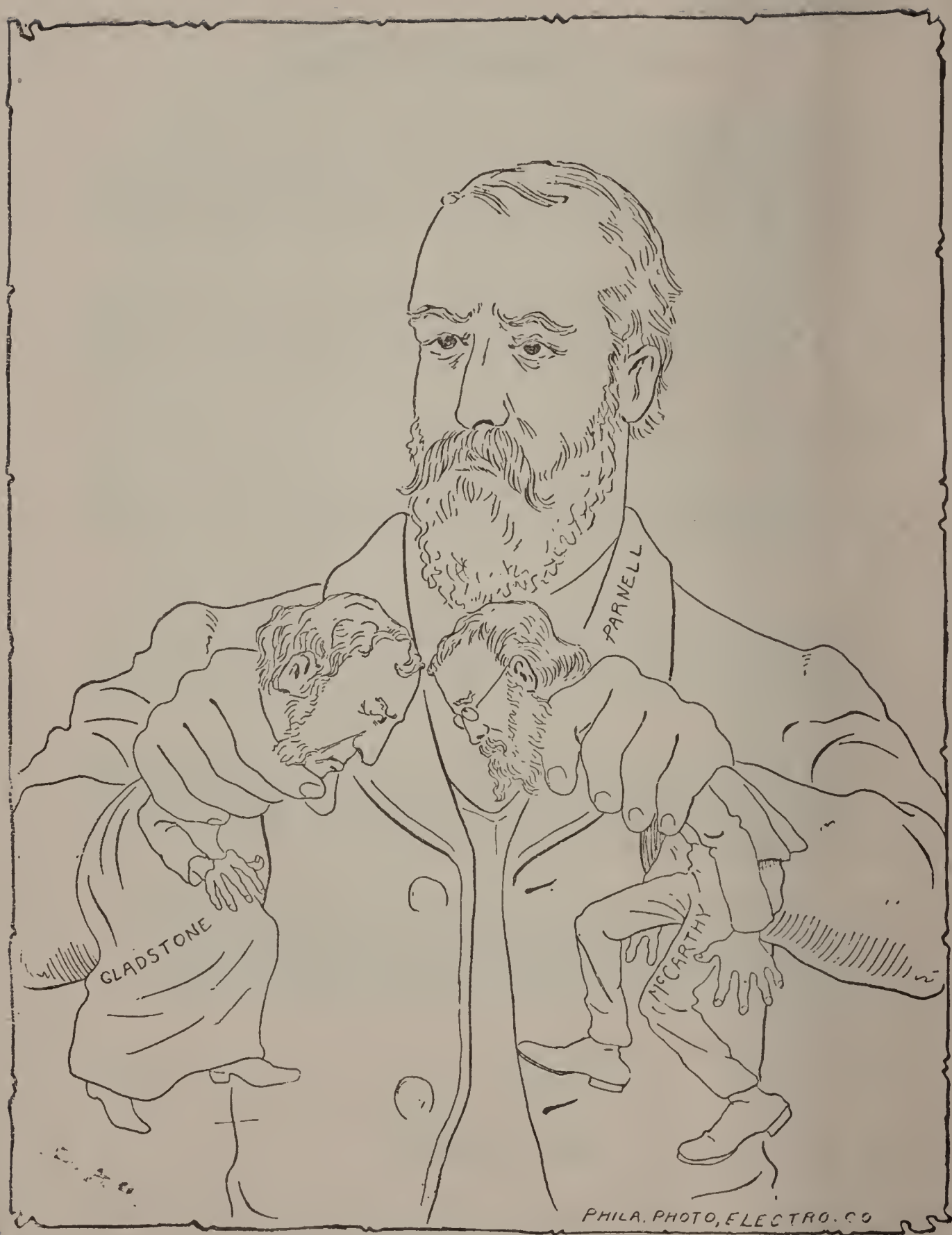
The world's eyes are on you, your friend's and enemy's as well,
 Would you rob poor Ireland of the vantage she hath gained?
 Had you have stood nobly by your leader, the gifted Parnell,
 In your own hands the prize, would certainly have remained.

Back to the one fold where alone can your safety be assured,
 Let loyal unselfishness lead as the wether and bell,
 By peaceful united effort Ireland's wounds may be cured,
 If you rally under the banner of Charles Stewart Parnell.

Philadelphia, December 23d, 1890.

TIM. HEALY.

There was a man with a mouth, and his name was Tim. Healy,
 We placed a hose in his mouth, and watered it freely,
 We washed it thrice a day, in a golden ewer,
 But in spite of all cleansing, it remained a common sewer.



“Now they ask: “Where was Moses when the light went out?””

Inscribed to the Sons of Ireland.

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

Drink, yea, drink deep, from the cup now placed to thy lips.
 The patriot's meed's ingratitude, scorn and contempt.
 False friends are seeking to take advantage of each slip,
 Revealing envenomed hearts, of which the world never dreamt.

How shallow their loyal pretensions, how selfish each aim,
 Of those who thus from their leader his prestige would steal.
 Their excuses, how weak, how paltry, impotent, lame,
 What base sinister motives their false actions reveal.

Drink deep of the bitter cup, yea ! drink e'en to the dregs,
 With proud spirit filled, with humiliation and pains,
 For time in its changes, will see that Ireland begs
 To have the blot removed, which her escutcheon now stains.

December 22d, 1890.

Inscribed to the Phillistines.

THE IRISH SAMSON.

There was an Irish giant and his name was Parnell,
 Who ten times stronger than other men had grown;
 Of him mighty deeds, we have often heard tell,
 But he fell into the arms of Delilah Gladstone.

She jailed him and delivered him up to her friends,
 Who threw lime in his face, to put his eyes out,
 After blinding him, they thought to accomplish their ends,
 Feeling sure the giant's strength, had "gone up the spout."

But improving during the night, of strength he was full.
 Indignantly he listened to the Phillistines shout,
 With arms around "Seceders" and "Liberals," he gave a stout
 pull.
 Now they ask : "Where was Moses when the light went out?"

December 28, 1890

To Ireland's Leader.

ANARCHY.

Oh! Parnell, we saw thee, but now as on a pinnacled dome,
Proud seated on Ireland's regal seat all honor shown,
Viewing the gathering of the clans to aid rule at home,
Viewing the great world before thee with thy eulogies strewn.

The loud ringing shouts of the clansmen seemed loyal proof,
They'd stand proudly beside thee, a chivalrous brave band,
While through Ireland's destiny, both in its warp and its woof,
Was appearing the design which thy wisdom had planned.

But the curse of Babel divided the tongues of once friends,
The world beheld with wonderment and pitying amaze,
The strange sight thus seen, quickly to all minds suspicion lends,
That Ireland's sons are daft, or at least nigh crazed.

At their leader's throat, swords pointed in sight of the world,
At the beck of Gladstone the alien, the uncrowned king,
By false friends, and disloyal nobles, from high throne hurled,
Into the dust their idol with ignominy they fling.

As result, dire confusion sits where unity reigned,
Shadows of night o'er both throne and temple now fall;
Old Ireland's bright escutcheon is with anarchy stained,
While black clouds of hate mantle the land like a pall.

December 24th, 1890.

THE KILLKENNY CATS.

There were two cats who were named Scully and Henessey,
One was sick, the other something ailed.
And not being able to agree, why, quick, then you see,
Each, the other, vigorously assailed.

There were two more cats, named Home Rule and Unity,
But these two are dead, as I'm informed by the mails,
For after the ruction raised in this village community,
Not a vestage remained of them, but the tips of their tails.

PARNELL AND THE IRISH PARTY.

When the Irish patriot, who by heroic fighting through a decade of years, had compelled Gladstone to relinquish the role of enemy, and assume that of a political friend, was deserted at the first breath of opposition, and asked to step down and out from the position, conferred upon him by his country, what a sight was exhibited to the world. Sacrificed by his compatriots in a manner so shameful as to leave him room for but one thought—to save his dignity and honor, and hold his position against all odds, until his countrymen could obtain a price worthy of him. Under the circumstances, to have expected him to consider the request of weak friends, and designing enemies, as his country's mandate, and to yield to the dictum of his ancient foe, was as about as reasonable, as expecting to see one of the giant trees of California, bow before a midsummer breeze, or the noonday zephyr.

However much Mr. Dillon may wince at the expression, and resent it, it is nevertheless true, Mr. Parnell was sold, or if you like the expression better, bartered by his confreres. Sold, too, at a price so cheap as to bring ridicule, upon those who placed so low an estimate upon their own invaluable possession, and so high a one on the worthless thing, which they received in exchange.

It was Parnell and united Ireland, in exchange for Gladstone and a divided household. A grand commercial transaction, sufficient to have broken the Bank of England, or to have sent the house of Rothschilds rolling into the dust.

The contest which followed, was only what any thinking mind would have had reason to expect. Such a war of giants as occurred between La Vendee and the French Revolution. But the most astounding thing is, that so shrewd a politician as Gladstone could have made so wretched a blunder. He blundered both in the action and the manner of its doing. The great mistake made by him in thus bearding the Irish Lion, is only equalled by the pusillanimous action of the Irish party, in so weakly yielding up the position, which they had with so much spirit unanimously assumed. Surely, if they held Mr. Gladstone in such awe, and deemed their own Parnell of secondary importance, it would have been the merest a, b, c, of political wisdom, to have ascertained the former's wishes and intentions, before publicly announcing their resolution to stand by the latter. But having once taken their stand, how wretchedly weak and cowardly it was, to thus, so incontinently, abandon it.

But no one, we imagine, would ever have dreamed that Gladstone would have forced such an issue on Ireland, or that a

majority of Irish parliamentarians, could be induced to aid him in so doing. If this is a fair gauge of the intelligence and bravery of the Irish party, sans Parnell, it is safe to predict, that the latter has only to wait a reasonable length of time, to see his country at his feet, humbly suing to him to accept again the leadership of her undivided hosts.

Despite the Grand Old Man, and the Mc Carthyite faction, where Parnell is, there is the Irish Party.—When an explosion occurs, we look for the man in the head and trunk, not in the arms and legs, that a man can do without the latter, and yet be none the less a man, Mr. Gladstone has had ocular demonstration, in the person of the celebrated Irish member of the House of Commons, who has held his own in the world, without any of these members. But all the arms and legs Mr. Gladstone can gather together, without the head and trunk, will be of little service to him.

That Mr. Parnell and his following represent the Irish party, to which the Liberal leader, will have to make a future accounting, is as certain as that the Catholic Church represented Christianity in the midst of the great Arian heresy of the fourth century, although in the minority as to numbers.

January 2d, 1891.

A LOYAL TELEGRAM.

Eight thousand Irishmen, assembled in Chicago,
Have sounded the key-note which rings o'er the world,
No matter how Killkenny votes, or priestly embargo,
We'll stand by you to the last, one banner unfurled.

PARNELL REDIVIVUS.

Less than he, by such a stroke, would have quick been destroyed.

Small wonder, that our leader for a time was disturbed,
Enraged by the contemptible measures they employed,
To involuntary excitement by treachery spurred.

But now Charles Stewart Parnell, is his old self again,
Imperturbable, indomitable, his enemies find him the same.
A short breathing spell, and to his practised eye, the situation's
plain.

With his men on the chess board, he'll prove master of the
game.

To Ireland's Sons and Daughters.

GOD SAVE IRELAND.

O ! Ireland, sad and wretched indeed, is your plight.

O'er the emerald isle, falls the blackness of night.
Would you take from your enemy his grim delight ?

Hurrah for Parnell !

What a gleeful sight to your enemy Balfour,

What do you ? Close ranks, be one as of yore.
Let hill and vale ring, with unanimous roar.

Hurrah for Parnell !

Prove in the face of a gazing, pitying world,

That the taunt's untrue so constantly hurled.
Govern yourselves with one banner unfurled.

Hurrah for Parnell !

But now, you were in sight of the promised land,

It needed but a resolute, unflinching stand,
Shame to those who weakened the chieftain's hand.

Hurrah for Parnell !

Stop ! and pause on the brink, ere it be too late.

Your rancorous feelings and passions abate,
Ere bosoms are filled with unbrotherly hate.

Hurrah for Parnell !

Shall Irish hearts seek the home rule that's right,

By a dastardly action in the whole world's sight,
Disowning their leader who has fought their long fight ?

Hurrah for Parnell !

Let every true Irishman the base thought scorn,

Such treachery sure was Sassenach born,
Tapping traitorous heads with Irish blackthorn.

Hurrah for Parnell !

In ages gone by, Ireland's heart was e'er true,

And faithful ever, 'mid the sorrows passed through,
Then stand loyal to him, who has been loyal to you.

Hurrah for Parnell !

With the name of your leader, let the welkin ring,

Let kindness remove the smart of ingratitude's sting,
Rallying as a unit around your "Uncrowned King."

Hurrah for Parnell !

Fathoms down, in the depth of ignominy lies,
 The wretch who sought to destroy the light of those eyes,
 Still gallantly the leader, his foemen defies.

Hurrah for Parnell !

Charles Stewart Parnell is still Ireland's pride,
 Let every true Irishman stand by his side,
 Come weal, or come woe, or whatever betide.

Hurrah for Parnell !

Ingratitude has ever been the vice of fools,
 Let Irishmen not prove the Sassenach's tools,
 Not Gladstone, but Parnell, Ireland's destiny rules.

Hurrah for Parnell !

But if battle sore, goes against him at last,
 Let him sink like a ship, with flag nailed to the mast,
 While his friends in the future, as in the years past,

Hurrah for Parnell !

Philadelphia, December 17th, 1890.

To My Fellow Catholics.

POLITICAL FREEDOM.

I am Catholic to the core, but my soul revolts,
 Against the methods the Irish priests employ.
 Must Ireland's sons be treated, as superstitious dolts,
 And no rational Christian freedom enjoy ?

'Tis a question of politics, not one of faith.

Let freemen step up and deposit their votes,
 Despite the appearance of tyranny's wraith.

Let not Irishmen prove such wretched turncoats.

Rome's Pontiff hold private opinions, as other men.

In vain his "Ex-cathedra," our enemies seek.

Pope Leo remains neutral, time enough when

He authoritatively decides, now he refuses to speak.

That he leaves Catholics their freedom, this plain proof is,
 And others might profit, by the discretion he shows.

Unless you'd have home rule ending in froth and fizz,
 Show yourselves men, not cattle led by the nose.

December 26th, 1890.

"And the contention was so sharp between them, that they departed asunder, one from the other: and so Barnabas took Mark, and sailed unto Cyprus; and Paul chose Silas and departed,—*Acts of the Apostles, XV; 39, 40.*

To the "Unco Guid."

AN IRISH BULL.

If the Irish Church and the Irish people, had taken Mr. Parnell
to task,
And given him a choice between the leadership, and supposed
private sin,
Then Old Ireland in her unfortunate trouble, might the world's
sympathy ask,
And for noble defence of moral law, praise and encomium's
win.

Or had Ireland retained his leadership, without condoning his
supposed fault,
Had the church appointed public prayer and fasting, him from
evil to win,
Such an example of morality and charity, would have made the
world halt,
And exclaim in admiration, now the Christian millennium doth
begin.

But no such lofty or sensible action was manifested either way.
A wretched policy of expediency, seemed all actions to control.
In ignoble manner, they bowed to Gladstone, when this gen-
tleman had his say
'Twas then, the clergy began electioneering, at Killkenny's
poll.

It is a very sad,—an unfortunate affair—but just what it's about,
Or what it all means, there is no living man can rightly tell.
Amidst Gladstone and the Bishops, Home rulers and Liberals,
this we cipher out;
They have treated most shabbily and scandalously, their gallant
Parnell.

The Irishmen realize the trap into which they have foolishly
fallen,
But it is likely they will blunder on, as a matter of pride,
Instead of proclaiming to the world, "Our mistaken action is
recallen,
Great Parnell is our leader, and we'll stand by his side."

December 23d, 1890.



"Like dutiful children, the McCarthyites abandoned the fort."

To His "Devotees."

POPE GLADSTONE THE FIRST.

Sure, but the McCarthyites have erected for themselves a new Avignon.

How long the schism will last, it is now impossible to tell.
But it is a high seat they have erected, for Papa Gladstone to sit on,
While to the bottomless pit they have consigned their leader Parnell.

The McCarthyites no longer seek for instruction from his holiness, Leo,

Nor to their bishops, do they look for the exposition of moral law.
They have Gladstone for their Papa, he'll doubtless prove a good one, Heighho !

Since he's put them on the fence and started them playing see-saw.

Irish priests, and laymen representatives, declared gallant Parnell should win,

Both before and after, the revelations of the case in the court,
But when Papa Gladstone exclaimed, "Let excommunication begin,"

Like dutiful children, the McCarthyites abandoned the fort.

The court's verdict is used by the foes of Parnell as a hypocrite's cloak,

Irish Priests and laymen kept him company, both early and late.
But when his status was "defined," when Papa Gladstone the "infallible" spoke,

Then shrank Irishmen from their leader, as one "excommunicate."

Bah ! shall we believe this Irish ruction, to be a question of morals ?

It was simply a chance for Papa Gladstone, to put on the screws,
By aid of the divorce court scandal, and Irishmens' internicine quarrels.

Having once jailed, he now downs Parnell, and seeks to step in his shoes.

But the Grand Old Man has fallen into the pit he hath dug,

For the result hasn't been just what he carefully planned out.
Seceders and Liberals have both been squeezed in Parnell's death hug,

And their victory has culminated in a despicable rout.

December 27th, 1890.

Inscribed to Parnell's Loyal Adherents.

THE KNIGHT OF THE CROWBAR.

In London, a gallant knight was fighting against an overwhelming host.

In Dublin, a treacherous scriv'ner, was seeking to foment discord foul.

Then suddenly a stout vessel was seen appearing, off the Irish coast,

It bore Sir Knight Parnell, all true men loudly cheer, opponents howl.

Then raged the fierce conflict, on Ireland's soil, while Dublin's air did ring,

With heavy tramp of booted men, and angry shouts which foe-men greet,

The true loyal friends, of the gallant knight, 'twas Ireland's "uncrowned king."

All that day, in fierce combat, and constant fight, did his opponents meet.

Before "United Ireland," unhelmeted, then Sir Knight Parnell stood,

He wore no breast plate, carried no shield, his hands were all unmailed.

No lance he poised, no battle axe swung, nor sword, as ancient Sir Knight would ;

Nor carried legal writ, but before his angry mien, and flashing eyes, men quailed.

He stood where foes had published, the issues which had wounded him so sore.

His own, as well as O'Brien's castle, he vigorously assailed.

Then the gallant Knight of the Crowbar, single handed, battered in the door.

Before the deeds done that day, ancient historical stories paled.

Captured, retaken, recaptured, was the castle, before two setting suns.

The amazed citizens of Dublin, were not certain but 'twas a dream,

But the brave Sir Knight Parnell, still holds the fort, thus does the story run,

Sure the history of Ireland to-day, doth mediæval seem.

Masked foemen, now stop the carriers, at muzzle of loaded gun;
 The piratical sheets, are thrown over the bridge, into the flowing stream,
 For Knight Parnell had loud declared, "United Ireland"
 shall be one,
 Thus died the false sheet, an early death, "unheralded and
 and unsung."

Let this poor poem, be carved in a great, hard, rugged, massive
 stone,
 To teach in ages to come, some curious antiquarian old,
 That Irish King's armorial bearings show the black crowbar
 alone,
 Because of the service it did that day, in the hands of Parnell
 the Bold.

Philadelphia, December 29th, 1890.

To Parnell's Opponents.

THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY.

"A knight of old, in armor bold, went gaily to the fray."—*Old Song.*

Let us fight as fought the knights of old,
 With blythe and joyous love of the fray;
 Who ere yet the heart of the vanquished grew cold,
 Quick sheathed their Damascus blades so bold,
 And drew silently away.

And when, like gallant men, they in fair fight,
 Had counted an opponent among the slain;
 They rode on their way, by night and day,
 His helmet, sword or shield to lay,
 At the feet of his Chatelaine.

Among these noble souls, so highly bred,
 Were such chivalrous thoughts maintained.
 Welcome in the vanquished's hall to tread,
 Was the victor knight who broke their bread,
 And an honored guest remained.

Though we no longer live in these days so bright,
 And our hearts are seared with striving for gain,
 When fairly worsted, why harbor spite,
 'Gainst those who have drawn their swords for the right,
 And the air with calumny stain?

ECCLESIASTICAL INCONSISTENCY.

As Catholic Christians, we care not how high the Irish clergy raise the standard of public and political morality. They cannot make it too high. The higher the better. But in the name of common sense, let us have consistency. With what face can the representatives of a church, which teaches loyal submission to constituted authority, regardless of its being Christian, non-Christian, or anti-Christian, justify the striking down of the duly appointed leader of Ireland, at such a crisis, and with the clearly foreseen and accepted result, of stirring up internicine strife and discord among the people. And how little pretence of consistency has been manifested. Irish Religion in this instance, appears very much in the guise of a pure, white, and immaculate dove, fleeing from the proximity of the Lion and Lioness, to the cage containing the Jackals, and Vultures of the Irish Zoological gardens.

When Irish priests are seen drawing aside their skirts from contact with a man of the calibre of Charles Stewart Parnell, who by his robust, manly virtues, and admirable, moral qualities has endeared himself to the Irish people, and are then be found cheek by jowl, in the companionship of some of the foulest-mouthed, scurrilous, obscene, and immoral of his opponents, what a sight do they present to the world. Men blush and angels weep.

The Irish Hierarchy have altogether transcended their powers in this matter. They have acted not as priests, but simply as men, and it is well that the Irish voter should so understand it. As a body of Irish citizens, it was lawful for them to give public expression to their private opinions, but it was highly inexpedient for them to do so, at the time and in the manner they did. As priests, both the laws of justice and charity, forbade the issue of such a manifesto, then and there. It was unjust to attack Mr. Parnell, and turn the blind eye to others. It was uncharitable to strike him down without warning, unless, indeed, they felt in duty bound to affirm, or reaffirm, some great principle of religion which required instant defense. But what principle have they affirmed. Nothing more or less than this, that a man of immoral life is not eligible to the office of representative of a Catholic people. If this be sound doctrine, it applies with equal force to every member of the Irish Parliamentary party, to the subordinate as well as to the chief, and for that matter, to Church as well as to State.

This affirmation necessarily includes the following:

1st.—Non-Believers in the Divine religion are ineligible to the office of Irish representatives.

2d.—Believers whose lives are in violation of its precepts, are also ineligible.

If this be the Catholic doctrine, in the name of truth, let us assert it openly before the world, in season and out of season, let us live up to it, let us apply it without discrimination, and without favor, neither making flesh of one, nor fowl of the other, and let us be prepared for the disorganization of State and Church, which the carrying out of such a principle is bound to effect.

And let us look further for a Bull from the Holy Father, declaring us all turbulent heretics.

How unfortunate it is, that so many exalted churchmen have in all ages of the world's history, exhibited an utter indifference towards great popular reform movements, followed eventually by a jealousy of the *eclat* attaching to the leader of such movement, especially if one not of their fold or order. And how often too, when all the hard work has been done, the difficulties surmounted, and nothing but credit can attach to connection with it, have they been seen using their influence to thrust aside the one entitled to credit, demanding the leadership, and taking all the honor to themselves. Certainly there is nothing in the religion of the just one, which can prompt such a course of action; it can only proceed from the pure ingrained "cussedness" of unregenerate human nature, a fair modicum of which continues to exist at all times, even under priestly robes.

Some of the McCarthyites, enraged at the contumely and scorn which their actions have provoked, from distinguished Irishmen, as well as at the probable abandonment of them by Dillon and O'Brien, are already frothing at the mouth, and in their insensate rage, openly betraying their animus against their great leader. They talk of "mercilessly and remorselessly driving him out of the field, and beating him flat to the earth."

The Healy-like spirit manifested in these utterances, needs no comment. But it is a mighty big contract which they have undertaken. One, too, in which they will hopelessly fail to succeed, unless, indeed, Ireland's priests make of themselves willing tools and instruments, in the hands of this body of seceders, among whom are many of decidedly immoral lives, and not a few openly professed unbelievers in any form of divine religion.

Occupying such a position, the members of the Irish Hierarchy would be found posing before the world, engaged in performing the difficult feat of, comparatively speaking, "straining at a gnat, and swallowing a camel."

May we not venture to hope that the wisdom of the Irish Bishops will re-assert itself, and withdraw them from the false position in which their hasty action has placed them?

As for the wild talk of the faction, that Mr. Parnell has proved a "traitor" simply because he refused to yield to their dictum, it

is the merest bosh, and only provokes a smile. There are no obligations of loyalty and gratitude, which a man may owe to his country, which his country may not in turn owe him. And it ill-becomes the multitude who have exhibited such ingratitude, and want of consideration, towards Mr. Parnell, to be raising a howl on account of his lack of consideration for them. When the balance sheet of indebtedness is struck, the balance will stand largely in favor of the Irish leader.

Philadelphia, January 2d, 1891

To the Women of Ireland.

HOME RULE IN IRELAND.

As famous as their cats are now the men and women of Old Killkenny,

Sure 'tis a prison they'll be needing there, bigger than the Old Baily,

If asked the color of your complexion, better say "you haven't any," Unless you carry a stout blackthorn, or a great big shillaleh.

Noble the effort, our gallant Charlie is making, to carry the town.

It is the first loud note of his wild war song, which rings in our ears, Sorra! it is our priests should be making such efforts our leader to down,

That they'll stick at naught to defeat him each day more clearly appears.

To get up a female manifesto against him, they've scoured the town, Despite all their efforts, they could get but three and twenty to sign. Meekly submitting wives, with some aged spinisters, who would any man down.

Sour, crabbed, old maids, who many years since, had gone "cross the line.

But sure, if Ireland's true women were privileged to step up and vote, They would bring shame on the deserters, who have gone back on Parnell,

And 'twould be "Tread on my skirts," instead of "the tail of my coat,"

And 'twould be "the mitten" they'd give to them, who Ireland would sell.

Though the dear women know, that our Charlie is not a canonized saint,

They know as well, how noble and loyal to Ireland he's been, And with sharp nails, the faces of his enemies, red they would paint, Just to demonstrate, that the McCarthyites are as ugly as sin.

But though they can't vote, they will certainly speak their minds
to the men,

And they will coax them a little, too, "Now, 'darlint,' just for my
sake"

But if sweetness won't do, there will be a rapid change in the
tune then.

The "lectures" will be free, and will something of the "Caudle"
form take.

Then sorra to the McCarthyite voter, who happens to be wed,
And who casts his vote in a way, which doth not his better-half
please.

You may be sure 'tis on the floor he'll spend the night, and not in
his bed,

With the dear good wife's hands in his hair, and him down on
his knees.

And being a true-blue Irishman you know, sure he can't get a
divorce,

But will have to smile, and take his medicine like a nice little
man,

And if he should again strive his leader, into retirement to force,
His next dose will be "a smut nose, from the black frying
pan."

Then it is "hurrah for our brave Charlie, whether he is defeated
or no,"

A giant he still stands, with a lot of pigmies alongside,

And despite of his foes, as the "Uncrowned King," into history
he'll go,

Among all of Ireland's sons, he is still the boast and the
pride.

December 20th, 1890.

To the Great Celt.

WOUNDED.

Soul-sickened, spirit-wounded, mind-embittered, heart-sore,

O! gallant Parnell, from thy comrades, still turn not away;
Thou art loved by millions who are loyal to the core,

Who'll stand by thee, come weal, come woe, or whatever may.

Be crowbar, battle axe or paper measure, in the van,

Thou art the sole one alone, who can lead Ireland to her joys.
Then let all her true sons, rally around thee to a man,

With Harrington, the true-blue one, among the envoys.

December 22d, 1890.

To the Sons of Ireland.

THE VOICE OF THE NATIONS.

Sad Old Ireland stands, but not alone,
 There are other nations near her.
 Hold nobly your own, and reap what you've sown,
 The smoke rising, the battle is clearer.
 Then stop not to parley, but stand true to Charlie,
 He's the nation's only leader,
 'Mid the sullen and grum, and those that are dumb,
 All who wound their country, and bleed her.

CHORUS.

Then it's Hurrah! Hurrah! for King Charlie,
 Swinging blackthorns, stout and gnarly,
 With the foemen of Charlie, we stop not to parley,
 But, Hurrah! Hurrah! for King Charlie.

Australia speaks, and Ireland greets,
 In deep tones like muffled thunder,
 Your King they unseat, but their plans we'll defeat,
 The rogues, would tear the country asunder,
 Bold Parnell we greet, the rebel's he'll beat,
 Quickly blotting them out of creation.
 Oh! victory's sweet, and by action meet;
 He'll balk treason in contemplation.

Chorus.—Then it's Hurrah! etc.,

America speaks, and Ireland greets,
 Like the noise of rushing waters.
 Give the traitors—"well, stand by Parnell,"
 Oh! Erin's sons and daughters,
 Let Ireland as a rock, meet the Saxon's shock,
 Let Erin exist as a nation,
 At freedom's door knock, dear little shamrock,
 The world waits in expectation.

Chorus.—Then it's Hurrah! etc.,

The whole world speaks, and old Ireland greets,
 Like the roar of the mighty ocean.
 Will you the leader sell, your gallant Parnell?
 Treason alone entertains the notion.
 God gives the weary land, one leader grand,
 Better erect a throne, then, and crown him.
 Quick rectify the wrong, put traitors where they belong,
 And cry halt, to enemies who'd down him.

Chorus.—Then it's Hurrah! etc.

Now then, all in return, Old Ireland doth greet,
 With sound like the rush of Niagara.
 By our mothers who bore, by the patriots of yore,
 Our answer to treason, will be a staggerer.
 Loyal and leal as before, with tremendous roar,
 With its echoes the hillsides are resounding,
 As with almighty tramp, beneath us treason we stamp,
 Hailing the visions of freedom abounding.

Chorus.—Then it's Hurrah! etc.

Now Erin before the world, crowns her gallant Parnell,
 'Tis he alone to victory shall 'lead her ;
 The past years tell, that she knoweth him well,
 Need's no voice of Bishop, or seceder.
 She discards Gladstone, and stands true to her own,
 With his enemies she will not parley.
 'Tis her leader alone, whom she'll seat on the throne,
 Then it's hurrah for brave King Charlie.

Chorus.—Then it's Hurrah! etc.

Philadelphia, January 6th, 1891.

DILLON AND O'BRIEN.

Honest John Dillon is a gentleman, fine,
 I've met him, I like him, nothing 'gainst him to say,
 But I wish he'd remained, on the right side of the line.
 I regret the mistake he made in his decision that day.

His friend and companion, gallant William O'Brien,
 Is another whom I hold, to be a patriot true,
 And worthy to consort with the bold Irish Lion,
 But I cannot understand his mistake.—Can you?

Neither of these gentlemen can now fill the bill
 As their country's leader, and they know it full well.
 There's one man alone, he of the resolute will.
 Let Dillon and O'Brien, stand true to Parnell.

Philadelphia, January 6th, 1891.

To the Fighting Clansmen.

CONQUERING PEACE.

Now rally, boys, rally, come rally like men.

Ring mountain and valley, with loudest shout, when
Vile traitors, their tally are keeping, quick, then,
As "foemen" or "allies," decide like true men.

CHORUS.

For the friends of Parnell, his foemen will meet,
Into the raging conflict, gaily we go.
We will fight to the death, his foes to defeat,
Teaching Celt, Scot, and Saxon, the fealty they owe.

Now ringing and clashing, the weapons we draw,
In bright sun gleams flashing, at the word that is law,
At foemen quick dashing, such fight you ne'er saw,
'Tis brother's blood splashing, a sight full of awe.

CHORUS.

But, the friends of Parnell, his foemen must meet.
Who forces the fight on, must the issue abide.
With shouts of derision, all traitors we greet,
We'll stand by our leader.—Old Ireland's pride.

Strike quick, boys, strike home, boys, make into the fray,
Unflinchingly, with calm equipoise, let traitors make way.
Care naught for their wild noise, or aught that they say.
Strike quick, boys, strike home, boys, and fight, as you pray.

CHORUS.

For the friends of Parnell, must his foemen defeat,
Balking the plans of those, who our "King" would un-
seat,
Unmasking all traitors, exposing deceit.
Let tempests of wrath, winnow the chaff from the wheat.
The battle won at last, (may God speed the day);
We'll banish the sad past, all rancor allay.
Erin's cause is too vast, to fritter away.
Let friendship cement fast, (pray God that they may.)

CHORUS.

Then the friends of Parnell, their brothers will greet,
With outstretched hands, and hearts that are true.
United once more, their foes they will beat.
Old Ireland wants this.—I want it.—Dont You?

Philadelphia, January 5th, 1891

IRELAND'S OPPORTUNITY.

This is preeminently an age of Pounds, Shillings and Pence, but the world is still keenly alive to the beauty and grandeur of exalted moral action. The Emerald Isle reposing like a gem in the sea, has ever been surrounded and associated in the popular mind, with the halo of exquisite sensibility, and to deprive her of this, would be to leave her barren and void, as would be the great Falls of Niagara, stripped of their beautiful, ethereal bridal veils, the white mist clouds, which are ever ascending upwards towards the sky, "half concealing, half disclosing" the face of these Nature's greatest beauties.

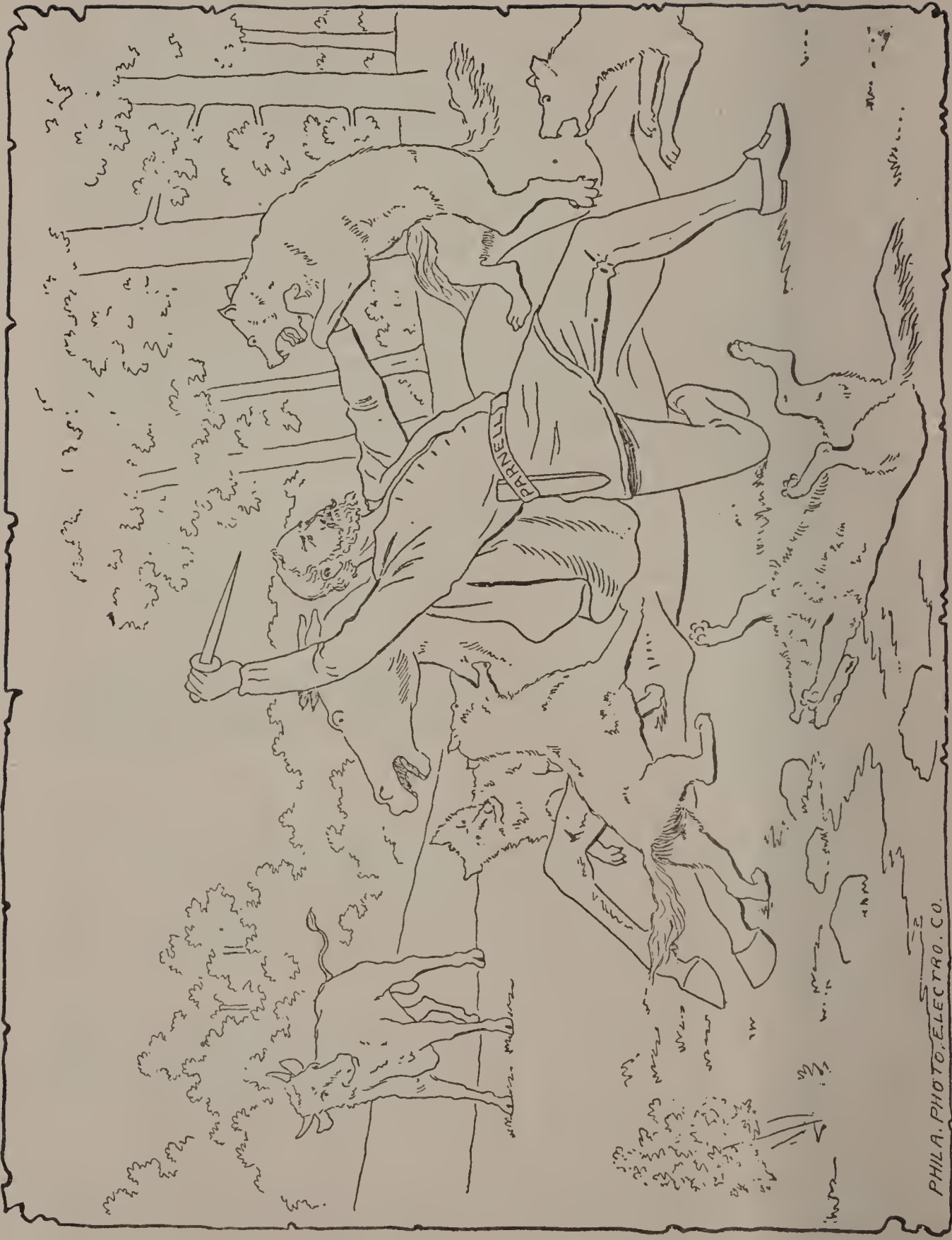
In her eagerness to obtain certain advantages for herself, Ireland, while professing to stand upon a moral platform, has been blind to certain obvious moral considerations. There are various kinds of sins, and ingratitude is not the least among the number. As the poet and dramatist has well written "Ingratitude thou foulest whelp of sin."

Had the American colonies have accepted from King George the Third, their independence at the price of disgraceful abandonment of the illustrious Washington, or had the Southern Confederacy had accepted political autonomy from Lincoln, at the price of sending their own matchless Lee into ignominious exile, the world would have witnessed an act of political infamy, on a par with that, of which the Irish Party has been guilty, in seeking to obtain Home Rule at any price, even to the disgraceful throwing over-board, at the dictum of an English statesman their own gallant Parnell.

When the great Jewish Law-giver, Moses, was offered the opportunity of having his own seed inherit the promises, attached to the occupancy of the Promised Land, in place of the stiff-necked and rebellious people, who had so often tried his spirit with their disobedience and ingratitude, how nobly he withstood the temptation, and what grandeur of soul was manifested by him, on the occasion. "Forgive their sin, if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book, which thou hast written!"

Had Ireland's heart been equal to the occasion, had she have been seen by the Nations of the earth, turning mournfully aside from the advantage offered her, at the price of national ingratitude and treachery, towards her gifted leader, how much more exalted a position would she have held to-day, and how quickly would she have brought to her feet those to whom she has knelt with so much abjection, to gain the scorn and contempt of the world, a cause well nigh destroyed—a people divided among themselves—the laughter and derision of her implacable foes,—without even a peg, upon which, to hang an appeal to the great world for sympathy.

January 3d. 1891.



PHILA. PHOTO-ELECTRO. CO.

“As they savagely bit, his long hunting knife, in grim desperation he drew.”

To the Sons of Erin.

THE IRISH HUNTSMAN.

The chieftain bold, leapt from crag to crag,
Followed by his stag hounds wild;
Then regained his saddle ; the pack did not lag,
But through the ravine swiftly defiled.

At the echo of the chieftain's wild halloa,
Ringing so loudly upon the air,
The hounds to their instincts proving true,
Roused the wild bull from his lair.

In the pack were wolf hounds, lately trained,
To run with the stag hounds true,
In whom the wolfish instinct remained,
Still coursing their wild blood through.

In the midst of the hunt, the charger fell;
The huntsman rolled in the dust,
Then dastardly wolf hounds, with savage yell,
Sprang at his throat, with sharp fang thrust.

His gallant stag hounds rushed to the rescue,
From his foes their master to free.

But ere the combat was one-half through,
Fought each other in the melee.

As huntsman, wolf dog and wild stag hound,
Were engaged in their terrible fight;
The great red bull seeing the huntsman downed,
Viewed the combat with delight.

With stentorian voice, in entreaty and command,
The huntsman to his wild dogs spoke:

“What mean ye, my gallant well trained band,
Who, thus from your fealty have broke.”

“That you bite the hand, which oft' has fed you,
That you fly at your master's throat;
Turning on the one who so oft' has led you,
And his form to death devote?”

“Yonder stands your foe, the savage red bull,
Full oft' you've been tossed on his horns.”

But the pack now filled, with blood thirst full,
The words of the huntsman scorned.

With gigantic strength, he fought for his life;
First one, then another, from him threw.

As they savagely bit, his long hunting knife,
In grim desperation he drew.

Cut and slashed, right and left, 'till the blood ran red,
 And wide circle round him they formed,
 As the hounds loudly howled, badly hurt,—half dead,
 The huntsman as loudly stormed.

Then desperately he struggled upon his feet,
 With whip and thong subduing the pack;
 Leaping in the saddle, his shout the wild hills greet,
 To follow, now the hounds, are not slack.

At his wild halloa, they fly at their foe,
 The wild bull doth their onset receive.
 Now the dogs loud bay, at the hunter's yo ho,
 As they strive their honor to retrieve.

The red bull's now in exhausted plight,
 Tongue lolling, and out of breath,
 Amid the hounds he stands, in desperate fight,
 The huntsman's in at the death.

His the hand, which gives the finishing stroke,
 Knife plunged in the red bull's breast;
 His the trumpet blast, which the echoes evoke,
 His the shield which bears the crest.

Forgotten the strife, and the desperate fray,
 Forgotten the wounds so sore,
 At the thought of the successful hunt that day,
 And the trophies which victory bore.

Glad shouts from turrets, welcome the hunt,
 From castle walls, the bugle sounds,
 Praised those who bore, the battle's brunt,
 The huntsman caresses the hounds.

* * * * *

O ! Ireland, take the lesson home to yourself,
 If you must fight, charge the enemy anew;
 Let division not come, through rancor or pelf,
 But bravely fight your long battle through.

Let your hounds gather around the huntsman again,
 Follow the horn, give tongue once more.
 Finding the scent, still true to the hunt, remain,
 With unswerving fidelity of yore.

Philadelphia, December 23d, 1890.

To the Men of Ireland.

PARNELL'S NEED.

Quickly let the tocsin sound, and then up with the draw,
Foemen without, have found treacherous allies within.
Quick ere the fortress is taken, for the word that was law,
Is no longer obeyed, and likely is foul treason to win.

Turbulent nobles, clustering about our "Uncrowned King,"
Are seeking, the gallant knight to drag from his throne.
Quick be unsheathed, all loyal swords, let the welkin loud ring
With the old stirring war cries, hold nobly your own.

Now stand to your gallant leader, beside him stand you,
Never has he needed you so much, as he does now,
Waving o'er him Ireland's banner, let loyal men true,
Stand shoulder to shoulder, in the midst of the row.

Let his friends cluster around him, in the hour of defeat,
Let loyal hands quick clasp his, in proof they are leal,
Let earth ring with tramp of men, marching Parnell to greet,
Let hearts give expression, to the emotions they feel.

'Tis the hour of his need, when all false friends unmask,
'Tis the hour when friendship, should show it is true,
'Tis yours now to assist him, in his gigantic task,
Standing faithful to him, who has been loyal to you.

They would make his the fault, but the verdict of years,
Will damn the seceders, who broke from the fold,
Quick deserting their leader, through their insane fears,
Of the power and might of Gladstone, their foeman of old.

Fools ! who when the Sassenach strove, sad division to make,
In united Irish ranks (it was the old foxy game).
All forgetful of their country, and the interests at stake,
Deserted the sole leader, who was worthy of the name.

Was there a man ere so high placed, but would do as he did,
Appeal to the nation which hath created them all,
Unwilling while by clouds of foul calumny hid,
To accept the word of seceders and brokenly fall ?

Shall Irishmen appeal to Saxons, for justice and right,
While sternly denying the same to their own gifted son,
Who has fought through long darkness, into the dawn of light,
In hopes free blood through Celtic veins might run ?

Philadelphia, December 26th, 1890.

To the McCarthyites

SECESSION.

Shame! Shame! on the seceders who have broken his might,
And who are ruining their cause in the sight of the world,
Who have plunged their country into the darkness of night,
And their leader from his high seat ignominiously hurled.

Where now is your leader, with your 'committee of eight'?

Where a man who can unite all of Ireland's sons,
To fill the place of one sacrificed to rancor and hate,
Bah! an incredulous smile, o'er the whole world runs.

If the rich red blood of Erin still flows in your hearts,
And 'tis your country, not yourselves, you love above all,
Proclaim shame on the man who from the leader departs,
And the malice of Ireland's enemies wisely forestall.

December 23, 1890.

To the Irish Hierarchy.

CHURCH AND STATE.

True the Bishops have spoken, and spoken wisely and well,
In so far as sustaining the majesty of moral law,
But when as political leader, they would decline Parnell,
Will they show a perfect man, but one the world ever saw.

Will they guarantee the lives of those put in his place,
Appearances are deceptive, things not what they seem,
'Tis common sense rules political counsels, seldom grace,
And 'tis unwise to swap horses, in the midst of a stream

If Rome's desirous of leading in the place of Parnell,
Let her voice ring out loudly, in the ears of the world,
Denouncing English tyranny and the long night of hell,
Into which Ireland by brutality, is constantly hurled.

Else we continue to take religion, not politics from Rome,
Proving loyal to him, who has served his country so well,
Sunny Italy has enough to attend to at home,
Let Ireland take care of Charles Stewart Parnell.

Philadelphia, December 18th, 1890.

THE BISHOPS MANIFESTO.

It is an interesting question, and one well worthy of an answer: In what sense does the Irish Hierarchy wish the world to take their manifesto? Was it issued merely as a political document, expressing the opinions of the Irish churchmen as citizens, for the benefit and guidance of their fellow citizens? If this is all, why do the Irish clergy make use of ecclesiastical machinery, and church censures, to force their private opinions upon their flocks, proceeding even to the extent of disgraceful and dangerous interference with individual liberties? True, we are told, that Irishmen are such children, that their priests are accustomed to dictate to them in many things, and what would be deemed a scandalous abuse of authority, on the one side, and a servile submission on the other, to an American-born Catholic is in Ireland, considered a matter of course. If this be true, it explains much, which otherwise would seem well nigh incomprehensible in the action of the Irish priesthood.

If on the other hand, the manifesto was issued by the Bishops, acting in their official capacity, in reference to a question of faith and morals, are we to understand, that they take the ground that private impurity destroys a man's official capacity, or that a leader or other public official, in whose life there exists a moral taint, is not entitled to the respect or allegiance of his people? This would seem very much like a condemned heresy such as certain sectaries in Germany, held in Luther's time, and if carried to its logical limits, would result in speedy disorganization of both Church and State.

Had Ireland's Hierarchy taken the initiative in deciding upon the moral aspect of Mr. Parnell's leadership, there would have been some dignity attached to their manifesto. The scandal had been on the tapis for a year or more, while the case in the court had consumed some considerable time, certainly enough to have enabled the Irish Bishops, both individually and collectively, to have determined upon the course of action which they proposed taking, in the event of Mr. Parnell not clearing his skirts from the accusation made against him. The interdict of the Irish Bishops, would certainly have carried as much weight with the Irish parliamentarians, as the dictum of Gladstone, and there was ample time for the former, had they been so disposed, to have prevented the Leinster Hall fiasco. It was not merely a question of common gratitude to Mr. Parnell, but a matter of decent consideration, owed to the dignity of the Irish people, that all due

"For when Peter was come to Antioch, I withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed; for before certain came from James, he did eat with the Gentiles, but when they were come he withdrew fearing them which were of the circumcision * * * and the other Jews dissembled with him."—S. PAUL. Gal. 2 : 12-13

courtesy should have been shown in retiring Mr. Parnell from the leadership of his people, and but a manner of common justice, that he be not put in an impossible position, nor one which would detract from his dignity as a man, and subject him to unmerited humiliation in the sight of the world. The fact remains, that there was neither political, or any kind of wisdom displayed in the matter. It was one series of wretched blunders, from beginning to end, and the best that can be said, is, that both the Irish party and the Irish Bishops submitted to be led by the nose, in the wake of the Scotch Puritan. It was he alone, who seemed to have the courage to pose as a moralist. The manifestos that followed after his, appear too much in the light of a "me too" business, to carry much dignity with them. Gladstone might well be considered to hold the most exalted position in the whole affair, if it were not well understood, that his action was determined merely by political expediency, in deferring to the pharisaical spirit, together with the desire to promote private ends of his own. If this were not enough to deprive him, of any particular credit, the egregious blunder made by him, in forcing such an issue in the manner he did, resulting in signing his own political death warrant, would suffice to place him in the "soup" along with the rest.

It is too much to expect of a grave ecclesiastical body, that they admit a mistake or publicly rescind a resolution made, but this need create no practical difficulty. People often neglect to put in practice the precepts they preach, and it would be a matter of worldly wisdom, to allow the manifesto to glide gently into "innocuous desuetude." If the Bishops insist upon forcing a religious issue into the political camp, thus throwing the "apple of discord" into the midst of volcanic Ireland, they will find the after judgment of the world against them. Under the circumstances, however much they may claim it, they will never obtain the credit of having made a moral stand, against their chosen leader. But they will receive full credit for the disorder which is bound to follow. Ireland will again be seen divided into warring factions, Papists and Orangemen, Unionists and Nationalists, Constitutional Agitators, and Physical Force Parties, arrayed the one against the other; the whole thing perhaps, winding up in an explosion of dynamite, with the world turning away in disgust from Ireland and her troubles altogether. It was not at all necessary for the distinguished Irish prelate, to deny that Pope Leo had any hand in the present state of Irish affairs. The intelligent portion of the world were well aware from the interior evidence, that the gentle, wise and politic Italian Pontiff had no finger in the Irish Broth. It is well known, that the Vatican has never

been in sympathy with the Protestant leader of Ireland, and *esprit de corps*, if nothing else, would occasion the Holy Father to give a tacit, unofficial, and *quasi* approval, to a manifesto of a moral character, issued by Irish Bishops; but it is certain, that he can have but little or no sympathy, with the manner in which this delicate matter has been handled, or derive but little pleasure at the sight of the confusion, and the state of discord into which his Irish flock have been thrown. It is even more certain that to him, as well as to all other devout Catholics, it must be a source of positive pain, to see the Irish clergy masquerading before the world in the guise of a set of political heelers.

Philadelphia, December 24th, 1890.

To Charles Stewart Parnell.

THE IRISH OAK.

Did they dream thou wert a reed, to be shaken by the wind?

Thou great Irish oak, so rugged and massive, rough hewn,
As firmly rooted as thine own hills, so nigh to the kin'ned,

Pigmies might drag up and displace, one or the other as soon.

Fools, who realized not the strength of this great towering oak,

With wide-spreading roots, deep trenched in Ireland's soil;

With leaves scattered, branches riven, the great heart nigh broke,

Still its own natural strength, will their feeble efforts foil.

They may uproot thee, by the power of aggregate might,

But the gaping chasm and void, not one of them can fill.

A pit thus created, would engender the miasms of night,

And would the life of the nation effectually kill.

Philadelphia, December 18th, 1890.

PROPHECY.

Not for long will Ireland, thus in sight of the world,

Prove faithless to him, who hath been so true to her cause,

Allowing him from his post, to be treacherously hurled,

Where he stood so nobly fighting, to obtain righteous laws.

Nor will she ignore the long years of hard battling and strife,

With his unceasing efforts to obtain her Home Rule,

Nor the unwearied devotion, which has wasted his life,

Who ne'er could be bought, or made the Sassennach's tool.

If Phillistine like, they should destroy the light of his eyes;

Seeking to hold him captive, with ignominy's yoke,

If, with Samson-like strength, he destroys them ere he dies,

'Twill be their fault alone, if home rule's pillars are broke.



“The message he bore did the chieftain good, loyal friendship, too, was sweet.”

Inscribed to Timothy D. Harrington, Esq., M. P.

THE FAITHFUL ENVOY.

From savage Balfour's greedy clutch escaped,
Honest Dillon and O'Brien;
Across the channel their course have shaped,
Defying the "British lion."

In Paris, quickly joined by faithful friends,
To the land of the free they sail.
Their adventure, a tinge of romance, lends,
O'er the world resounds the tale.

Receiving America's proud ovation,
A harvest of gold they reap,
Honored by the entire nation,
The Irishmen holiday keep.

Ireland's sun's now bursting through the clouds,
Irish hearts are filled with glee,
When suddenly blackness of night enshrouds,
Naught but consternation we see.

Old Gladstone is trying Parnell to down,
Friends from their allegiance swerve;
Reft from the leader his merited crown,
By a stroke he did not deserve.

Messages are rushing under the sea:
"Quick tell us how the envoys stand."
Then came the sad news to you and to me:
"They've deserted their leader grand."

But, one, who stood for a moment in doubt,
Amid the friends he loved so well,
Suddenly proclaimed with a ringing shout:
"My heart is with Parnell."

Then from North to South, and from East to West,
Came a shout from all men true,
"Oh! Harrington, 'tis you have spoken best;"—
"Our hearts are with him, too."

Then back to Ireland, Harrington, sailed,
Carrying our message to his chief,
The envoy who had not his leader failed,
The sole one who brought relief.

At Killkenny's hustings great Parnell stood,
 'Twas there he did the envoy meet,
 The message he bore, did the chieftain good,
 Loyal friendship, too, was sweet.
 There Harrington saw Ireland's uncrowned King,
 With saddened look, and bandaged eye,
 Heard the ingrate peasants with taunt and fling,
 Insult their leader standing by.
 "Parnell I'm so grieved," this the people heard,
 Heard, too, after an instant's pause,
 "Harrington, right glad am I to see you here,
 But don't grieve, there's yet no cause."
 To Parnell, America's message he gave,
 And he gave it then leal and true,
 "Though the leaders there, so strange behave,
 The masses are loyal to you."
 Then he fought that day, for his leader's hand,
 With earnest zeal and might and main,
 A true, gallant Sir Knight, with courage grand,
 Fearless and without disloyal stain.
 All honor then pay, to the loyal friend,
 Who so nobly did his part,
 Around the world, ringing huzzas we send,
 For the man who had a heart.

December 26, 1890.

To Ireland's Gifted Son.

A VOICE FROM THE CLOUDS.

Through the warp and the woof, of this world's eventful history,
 Appears the Omnipotent's dread and wondrous designs,
 Though Himself he clothes, in half lights and mystery,
 Of His presence among us, he gives plainest signs.
 Upholding the might and the majesty, of His own plans and laws,
 With multitudinous means, his providence works to its end.
 Of this fact, each nation's history, proverbs, wise saws,
 Unanimously their convincing testimony lend.
 The trend of human events marks thee, as one He hath assigned,
 To work for thyself, thy people, thy country, weal or woe,
 Rearest thou clearly, on the scroll of time, the lesson designed
 To guide and direct thee, e'er further on, in thy course thou go.
 Think'st thou of Him, who holds thee in the hollow of his hand,
 Or art thou like some wild mountain torrent, impulse sped
 Take'st thou counsel of Him, who weighs mountain with grain of
 sand,
 By whose power men are driven, or wisely and kindly led.

By Him princes rule, 'tis he who exalteth the nations,
 Using the good and the evil, to accomplish his ends,
 By means of petty men, He chisels out his noblest creations,
 Then the faulty and wretched tools, into oblivion sends.

'Tis God o'er rules men, their passions, their envies, their hate,
 Directing the movement of causes, shaping lives of great men;
 And things we now attribute to mysterious fate,
 In the light of the last judgment, will appear plain then.

Beware of Antony like, ruining thyself and thy cause,
 Like many a royal one before thee, put away from thee sin,
 In the presence of the pure, moral sense of Christendom, pause,
 In paying homage to virtue, all hearts thou wilt win.

If thou hast sinned, 'twill be forgiven, all mercy need,
 'Tis persistent contumacy deserves punishment alone,
 Awake to thy grand mission, that thy country may succeed,
 Prove to all, thou art fit to be seated upon Ireland's throne.

'Tis galling to the proud soul, to acknowledge itself wrong,
 It takes supernatural aid, to break loose from passions chain,
 But pass not like Dermid of Leinster, into historic song.
 Place thy great soul in Christ's keeping, and see that it remains.

Regard not the foolish precepts, and false maxims of the world,
 The righteous action alone, is ever the true manly deed,
 Let thy weakness from thee, be contemptuously hurled,
 Thus alone may'st thyself, and thy clansmen hope to succeed.

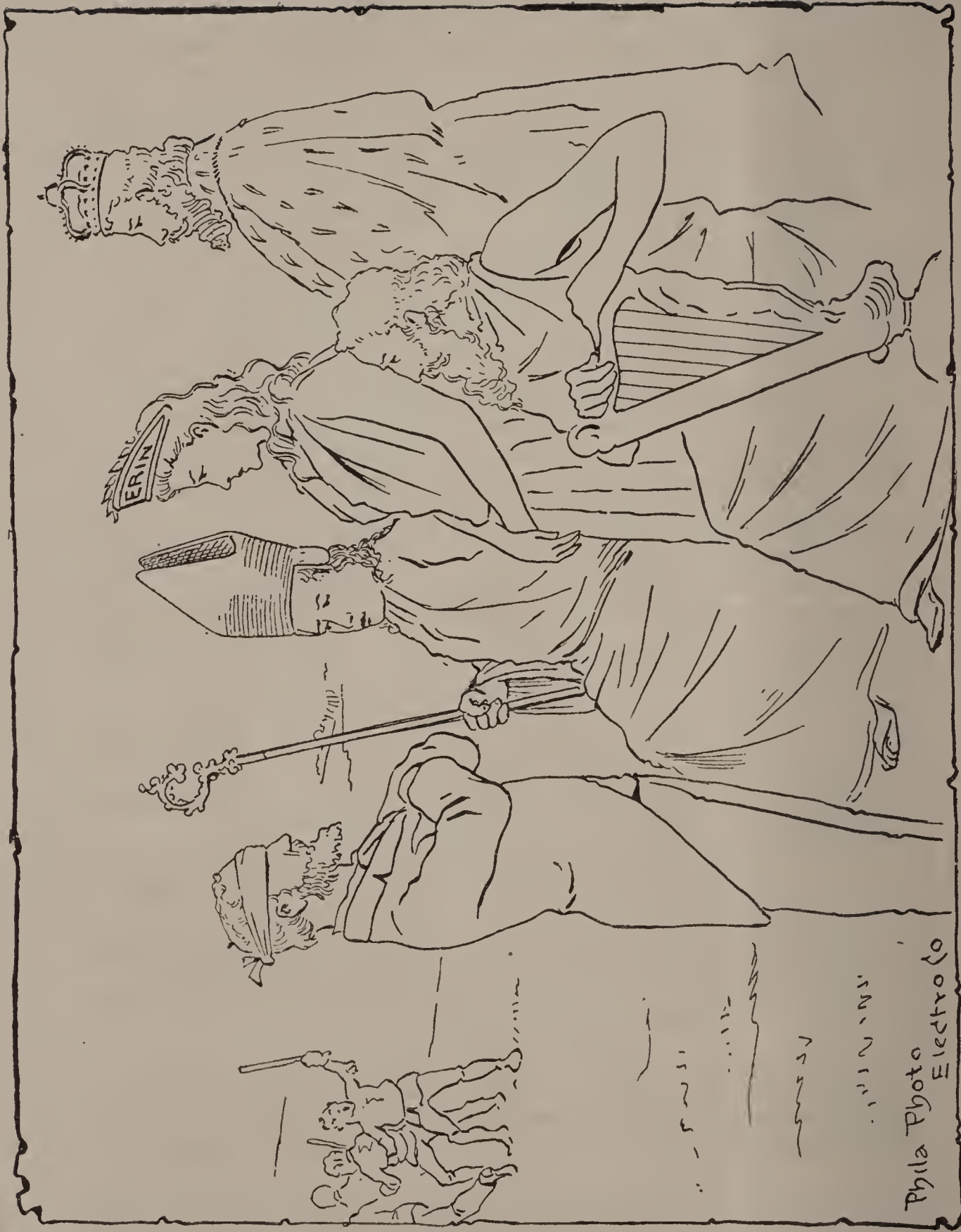
Practical repentance, hath no need to include humble abjection,
 In the sight of equally peccable and sinful men,
 But beginning anew, and progressing in right direction,
 Brings the pardon and peace, promised by the inspired pen.

Pluck out thy heart if need be, go through life bleeding, maimed,
 So thou preserve clear mind, with firm, upright, resolute, will,
 The moral taint removed, no Christian soul may be blamed,
 Nor church, for declaring great Parnell, Ireland's leader still.

Thou art too nobly heroic, to be narrowed in mind,
 Dash not 'gainst eternal verities, with insensate quarrel,
 Let not future men, poring over historic pages, find
 The result of thy life was "to adorn a tale, point a moral."

Righteousness shall reign, e'en the greatest to justice must bow,
 Before conscience art blameless? voice speaking is candor's.
 Bayard "*sans reproche*" Godfrey de Bouillion, exemplars now,
 Ireland's king should be pure, like the chaste Lion of Flanders.

Philadelphia, Sunday, December 28th, 1890.



"Recompensing loyal service with dastardly blow."

To Erin.

IRELAND'S SHAME.

Oh ! Ireland, what a spectacle is this to the civilized world,
 Scarce can it believe Parnell's received such injury and
 scorn.
 Small wonder if Irishmen hear the epithet "treacherous" hurled,
 As characteristic of those of the Emerald Isle born.
 If his misfortune has been to deserve the censure of Heaven,
 'Tis only sympathy and sorrow that Ireland should show,
 What hath filled Irish hearts with such venomous leaven?
 Recompensing loyal service with dastardly blow.
 If Ireland would stand dignified, and queenly as a nation,
 Let her bethink ingratitude, in history, doth ever rank smell,
 If one man's treachery, we hold in abhorrent contemplation,
 How rank the Irish multitudes treason, to their own Parnell.
 O mysterious depths and shoals, of the infirm human heart,
 How deep art thou in depravity, in goodness, how shallow.
 How quick from our lofty ideals and our loved ones we part.
 How the present, desecrates that which past memories hallow.
 Then let not Ireland Pharisee-like be seen standing aside,
 Thanking God, impurity doth not her 'scutcheon assoil,
 Nor pass on like Priest and Levite, but Good Samaritan abide,
 Anointing the wounds of her son with charity's holy oil.
 Then let Ireland's great church, for Ireland's gifted son pray,
 Let Irish faith, and Irish hearts, from heaven, blessings wring,
 That the clouds lowering over him, may quick pass away,
 That Christ's grace, may possess the heart, of her "Uncrowned
 King."
 If wisdom guide thee, Parnell, and the "Irish Heart" is real,
 The prophecy is, "thy sun will burst anew from the clouds,"
 Surrounded by thy people, loving, loyal and leal,
 Thou wilt forget the darkness which thy fate now enshrouds.

Philadelphia, December 28th, 1890.

RESENTMENT.

Foul ingratitude in nations, has awakened the undying resentment.
 Of great men, and untiring opposition, which naught could abate
 Sad, if the great Celt should appear in Coriolanus-like pre-
 sentment,
 For no passion is so terrible, as love turned to hate.

Philadelphia, Sunday, December 28, 1890.

Despite the denials that are made, the fact remains that the return made to Mr. Parnell for his loyal devotion and matchless services to Ireland, was an attempt to render him sightless by the following of the McCarthyite faction.

To Parnell.

RECONCILIATION.

Parnell, thou art the wronged one, 'tis thine to forgive.
 Take back to thy bosom, thy comrades of yore.
 Once friends, then foes, as friends again live,
 And heal thy poor country, now wounded so sore.

If honest Dillon, gallant O'Brien hand of amity extend,
 If the seceders returning, ask again to be friends,
 Let thy proud, wounded spirit, from its dignity unbend,
 Magnanimity ever to greatness, its highest charm lends.

Withdraw the wrong assertion, made in the heated debate,
 Act so nobly as to root up all bitterness born of the fight,
 Extinguish all feelings of malice, and rancor, and hate,
 As becomes thee, great Parnell, like a chivalrous true knight.

The love and loyalty shown thee, by millions of hearts,
 Is too grand a heritage, to be frittered away,
 See that no insuperable barrier, thee from them parts,
 The voice of enlightened reason and conscience obey.

Else sure as the sun rises and sets in the heavens each day,
 Thou wilt ne'er king, crowned or uncrowned, of Ireland
 stand.

Thy reputation and fortunes, will melt gradually away,
 Leaving the recluse or wanderer, in some foreign land.

'Twixt destiny and destiny, thou standest this day,
 Great may be thy rising, if thou choose, and as sad thy fall,
 Now millions of Irish hearts, silently but fervently pray,
 And on high heaven to aid thee, earnestly call.

Philadelphia, December 24, 1890.

A GLADSTONIAN EPISTLE DISSECTED.

Mr. Richard J. Gladstone, writing for the G. O. M., to Dr. P. S. O'Reilly, of St. Louis, Dec. 4th, 1890, wails thus: "In heaven's name, why should the Divorce Court be allowed to compromise the future of Ireland?" Blessings upon the innocent lad, that is what we are all trying to find out. Couldn't Dicky ask his papa, why he made such a political ass of himself, as to thrust this issue into the Irish question, and become so presuming as to demand the retirement of the great Irish leader, merely because he failed to respond to a divorce court proceeding?

Richard further writes: "*All of a sudden*, Mr. Parnell turns his back upon us, ignores his own speeches, and declares us guilty of treachery." Verily, the richness of the joke increases; in the language of a distinguished westerner: "It is regular old peaches and cream." "Why" bless our heart, we thought all the time that it was the G.O.M., who gathered up his skirts in virtuous indignation, and turned his back on Ireland's great leader.

Would that we might, as Catholics, see in the Bishop's manifesto against Mr. Parnell, the shield of religion, held over the Irish People by the Irish Church, as a Christian Amazon, actuated by a single-hearted devotedness to the interests committed to her care. But how are we to esteem the action, which accepts in his place, as leader of the National party, an absolute non-believer in the Christian religion and as nursing mother, a leader of the liberals, whose able pen has tried it's best to prove the Church the whole of Babylon and the nest of Idolatry.

What a series of Irish bulls are manifested in the whole affair. If the matter were not so serious, it would be highly ridiculous. Indeed it is only the sorrowful friends of Ireland, who can refrain from making a jest of the whole affair. If it were not so nigh akin to a heavy tragedy, it might well be taken for a roaring farce.

What an impossible position this, in which the Irish Bishops have placed themselves. Practically affirming that the man whom, as it is asserted, has broken the law of the religion, in which he still retains faith, is on a lower plane than the man who rejects revealed religion in toto.

This seems very near to another condemned heresy. As the Irish Church is an integral part of the Church, universal, we American Catholics have a right to feel interested in the subject, and may well ask, where are the Irish Bishops leading us to? At this rate, we will soon be calling upon the Holy Father to decide which are the heretics, the Parnellites or the Bishops.

The results of such methods, as the Irish Priests are adopting, will be to drive Irishmen away from the Church, and sow an amount of evil seed, resulting in the rapidly-spreading growth of secret oath-bound societies all over Ireland.

It is certain to be the means of alienating souls from the Church, destroying the faith in the minds of many, as well as putting an additional weapon in the hands of the enemies of the Catholic Church, the world over.

It is a great lesson for American Catholics, who can herein see the justification, opponents of the Church have, for making the assertion, that "to be Catholic, means to be deprived of intelligent rational freedom of action, in matters even outside of the faith, and that where Protestantism does not hold the power of the Church in check, her children are invariably priest-ridden, to an extent which must bring the blush of shame, to any Catholic accustomed to the privileges accorded American citizens."

It is certain, that nothing can so effectually close up American sympathy with popular government in Ireland, as the sight of a people tamely submitting to such a state of affairs, and Home Rule would be a matter hardly worth the aiding, if it means such home rule as is now being witnessed.

To the Irish Clergy.

IRELAND'S SCANDAL.

O ! guardians of the temple, we hope and we trust,
That the mantle of religion, will not be trailed in the dust,
Raised by the envious one, filled with ambition's lust.

Hurrah for Parnell !

If 'twere a question of morals, we'd obey the prelates,
But well we know 'tis a question of small envies and hates,
Which the majesty of Ireland's great cause thus abates.

Hurrah for Parnell !

There's no man without sin, not one doeth well,
Since the day when Adam, our progenitor fell,
But our leader's one, who ne'er his country would sell.

Hurrah for Parnell !

They say he has proved truant, in friendship school,
But like Pigott, may not O'Shea prove an enemy's tool ?
To hold a man innocent, 'till proven guilty's the rule.

Hurrah for Parnell !

O priestly ones, what gain will his fall bring to you ?
Who ever to Ireland has been loyal and true,
Your own faults, you know, they say are not few.

Hurrah for Parnell !

If we'd drag every man from a high seat here,
Who in the sight of his God a vile sinner doth appear,
Troth ! but Church and State would look queer.

Hurrah for Parnell !

Is this cry for morality a sham, or real
In those who would thus send a friend to the de'il,
So quickly forgetting his services leal.

Hurrah for Parnell !

If the "*unco guid*" deem his actions not well,
And are desirous of saving a soul from hell,
A more charitable story their lips might tell.

Hurrah for Parnell !

If in his life there are things that should be made right,
Proclaim "fasting and prayer" to obtain him more light,
And grace to enable him to keep his soul bright.

Hurrah for Parnell !

But when I saw that they walked not uprightly according to the truth of the gospel, I said unto Peter, before them all, "If thou being a Jew, livest after the manner of Gentiles, and not as do the Jews, why compellest thou the Gentiles, to live as do the Jews ?"—*St. Paul, Gal. 2: 14.*

His spiritual sins, we seek not to condone,
 But "he that is without sin, let him cast the first stone."
 His magnificent services for much doth atone.

Hurrah for Parnell !

King David, the man after God's own heart,
 Committed sin, more grievous, Nay ! do not start,
 Yet not from his kingdom, was he condemned to part.

Hurrah for Parnell !

His Maker, remembered the love and the service of yore,
 And wounded not the heart of his servant so sore.
 After David, his son Solomon, the sceptre bore.

Hurrah for Parnell !

While the tribes, deserting the throne David had won,
 Have no part in the promises, which in his seed doth run,
 Then let Ireland prove loyal to her own gifted son.

Hurrah for Parnell !

Let churchmen to their prayers, and attend to the Mass,
 Shall Ireland's religious prove a roystering class,
 Inciting to disgraceful mob violence ? Alas !

Hurrah for Parnell !

Lurks there no thought within you, "He's not of our creed,"
 Exciting to base action and unpriestly deed ?
 Something of this 'twixt the lines we can read.

Hurrah for Parnell !

A consecrated priest, reeling drunk to the polls,
 Another proclaiming curses, upon Irish voter's souls,
 Brings more scandal on our religion, than the divorce case
 unfolds.

Hurrah for Parnell !

To pluck the mote out of the brother's eye, in petic spurts,
 Is easy, to take the beam out of our own, is what sadly hurts.
 We might attend to the leader's, after cleansing our own skirts.

Hurrah for Parnell !

Philadelphia, December 19th, 1890.

AN AWFUL AGITATION.

"If Mr. Parnell and his following, don't cease their agitation against the Priests, there will be trouble." Thus an Irish ecclesiastic speaks. Bless our soul, how things are getting mixed, we thought it was the Priests who were agitating against Mr. Parnell.



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"The vision passed away, on the mind of the leader, a deeper peace fell."

To "*Men of Good Will.*"

PARNELL'S CHRISTMAS VISION.—1890.

The Uncrowned King had fought his battle with unavailing might,
At Killkenny, his friends intimidated and beaten he did see,
Then Dublin's wild ovation over, he welcomed the shades of night,
And the midnight hour of needed repose, which set his spirit free.

As Christmas dawned, it's peaceful calm brought rest to his tired
soul ;

The conflict's echoes dying, ceased, all was quiet then and still,
Till glad song bursting forth on the morning air, from joyous
lips did roll.

Glory! Glory to God on high, peace on earth to men of good
will."

The Christmas carol stilled his soul, o'er wrought by the wild
campaign

And with kindly thoughts of old-time friends, did the mind of the
leader fill,

With sad regrets for broken ties, as louder swelled the refrain,
Glory! Glory! to God on high, peace on earth to men of good
will."

It calmed his mind, his spirit soothed, made a rift in the dense
dark clouds ;

And revealed to him the blue starlight sky of far off Gallilee.

There he saw the shepherds, watching their flocks, the angels
thronging in crowds,

And Nazareth's cave, and the holy babe, and its mother too
did see.

Recalling humble scenes, oft witnessed by him on many a
Celtic hill

Among the Irish peasants, with their simple rusticity and
poverty-stricken life,

Where children, with the pigs and the other cattle, with heaps of
provender, still

May oft be found sheltered under the self-same roof, with the
gudeman and his wife.

In vision, he saw the holy Babe growing in stature, the Divine Man,

Poorer as to shelter in his own land, than the foxes or the quails,

And poorest of all in earthly goods as became divinity's plan,

Poorer in earthly comforts too, than prisoners in Balfour's
Irish jails.

The great deliverer of sinful men, and the world from it's many pains,

The merciful Saviour of all, from sins direful distress,
The loving Redeemer, whose blood will cleanse all men from their stains

The great liberator of sinners from sin, and the wicked one's duress.

The faithful friend, the holy one, with great heart full of love,
Freeing the captives, healing the sick, raising up even the dead,
The promise of future beatitude, God's wondrous gift from above,
All this as upon a parchment scroll, in the night's vision he read.

Saw a group of hypocrites draw nigh, where the Just One stood alone,

To entrap him in his speech, then saw them quail with guilty fear,
Heard the words "Him that is without sin, let him cast the first stone."

Then saw each sneaking one glide away, and quickly disappear.

Saw the throng that followed the Master, eager for the fishes and loaves,

Heard the fickle crowds shouting hosannahs, in honor of their King

Saw Jerusalem densely filled, even to its suburbs and olive groves,
Saw triumphal processioned streets, heard palm-strewing multitudes sing.

Then saw the Agony, the Judas kiss, the treachery which in suicide ends,

The smitten face, the bleeding brow and blindfolded eyes,
(How quick had the scene changed) saw too the desertion of loved friends.

Saw the just and innocent one, laughed to scorn, amid calumnious lies.

Saw too, Jewish Herod, and Roman Pilate, making friends in great glee.

Heard his people savagely rejecting him, the priests denouncing with scorn.

Saw the Just One made a prisoner, who had come his people to free.

Heard the shout "crucify him," raised in the land where he was born.

Then the thought came "If thou, the innocent one, Star of
Gallilee,

Had to endure falsehood and treachery, and calumnious stain,
Can I, a poor sinner, infinitely inferior to thee,

Hope to escape such a fate—have I reason to complain?

The vision passed away, on the mind of the leader, a deeper peace
fell.

Chastened by adversity, his sufferings, he knew for much would
atone,

Twixt' himself and his Saviour, he drew no sacreligious parallel,
But he felt the Divine heart, knew the grief of his own.

Christmas, December 25, 1890.

PARNELL TO HIS JUDGES.

O ! Thou great searcher of hearts, who alone can'st see
The workings of the soul, or the anguish which rives,
Thou, in whose evenly balanced scales, only justice can be,
To whose all-seeing eye is known, the true secret of lives.

Before thee, in humility I bow, thy sword of justice will strike,
Tempered with mercy, David like, into thy hands let me fall,
While my spirit 'gainst Phariseism, like an invincible dike,
Rises up with proud scorn. I'll contend 'gainst them all.

December 28th, 1890.

To Ireland's Leader.

MARRIAGE.

The laxity of Moses' law, has long since passed away ;
Christ's teaching as to marriage, must Christian men guide.
For thee to rule over Ireland, will be but child's play,
If thou permit the Christian church to stand by thy side.

Be it the peasant in his hut, or the great king on his throne,
All must inevitably bow to the divine decrees,
Supremacy of Christ's law shall each individual own,
Since His advent upon earth, we may not act as we please.

Forget not, that all Christian history, this lesson hath taught,
The choice 'twixt faith and man, the latter falls from his
perch,
No gift to Ireland canst thou bestow, equal to that blood bought,
Nor canst thou hope to succeed, if opposed by the Church.

December 28, 1890.

Inscribed to Old Ireland.

A CHRISTMAS HINT.

The old year is fading, the new one approaching,
All too swiftly the days go gliding by,
Eternity nearing upon time is encroaching,
“ We’re growing older,” is the mournful cry.

May the year that’s passing, with its mistakes and sins,
Prove a guide-post, true to a higher life,
And ’twill, if Ireland’s prayer from heaven’s throne, wins
The needed rest from the inward strife.

May the recording angel erase all the foul blots,
Which on the heavenly record appear,
While the precious blood, cleanses all the dark spots,
And memories sad, which her consciences sear.

May all to whom it has brought either sadness or pain,
Remember that the just man repeatedly falls,
And the greater the mark which his character stains,
The more loudly for pity and mercy it calls.

And if aught that is well, he has done through the year,
May it prove as good seed, increasing a hundred fold,
To fill high the granaries of the year drawing near,
With the harvest reaped in the year growing old.

May Christmas, the day upon which the Lord was born,
Prove a dayspring of peace and joy to all souls,
May her hearts, of all unprofitable things shorn,
Be full of treasure, which counts when eternity rolls.

Now raising our hearts, to the great Master above,
We ask grace for Parnell, his enemies and friends,
Giving welcome to Him whose gracious advent of love
Bears promise of the millennium when all evil ends.

Philadelphia, December 19th, 1890.

Richard writes further: “ The British Liberals have sacrificed much for Ireland during the past five years; they have refused to give precedence to any British question until Ireland had received home rule.” This is “ making a virtue, of a necessity” with a vengeance. These dear good liberals were always devoted friends of Ireland, from generous predeliction. They were never compelled by Ireland’s great leader, to knuckle under and follow in his wake. Gladstone sent Parnell to jail, merely through excess of good nature and but recently broke up the Irish party into many factions, through genuine eagerness to advance Ireland’s interests. Of course, no one dreams of suspecting the truly good G.O.M. of being tinged with pharisaical hypocrisy, or animated with the spirit of political rivalry. We think we can hear the echoes of the great teacher’s voice reverberating through the streets of Jerusalem, resounding over the hills of Judea and reaching us through the ages of time, with its fine leaven of scorn. *Scribes, Pharisees, Hypocrites.*

To "*Home Rulers.*"

GLADSTONE.

Sure 'tis the Grand Ould Man who firmly believes in home rule,
And that's the reason why he clapped our Charlie in jail,
He means now to rule at home making Ireland his tool,
See how before him the McCarthyites quail.

What man who's not an idiot, or at least a born fool.

But can see 'tis English policy to make Irishmen fight,
The saying's true as ever, "Divide men to rule,"

How the Sassenach views the scrimmage with ecstatic delight.

At best, the McCarthyites will prove the tail of the dog.

And it's not the tail, but the dog, which will do all the wagging.
Plain as the nose on your face, unless stupid as a log,

That without Parnell, of our party we will ne'er be bragging.

'Tis true, much spirit they showed, when with unanimous shout,

They proclaimed that their great leader, they never would fail,
But at the nod of Old Gladstone, how quick was the rout,

Like frightened hares among hounds, how quick they turned
tail,

THE MCCARTHYITES.

Shame! Shame! that Ireland's sons such a story must tell.

Proudly raised was their flag, but how quick did they strike it;
To their leader, saying "Much obliged," still 'twould be well,

For you to take a back seat, lest Old Gladstone won't like it.

Sure he's a Grand Ould Man; with his keen axe and swift stroke,

He has cut through the trunk of Ould Ireland's great tree,
And the fealty of Irishmen, with the nib of his pen broke,

Proving them to be slaves, whom we thought were so free.

Honest Dillon, gallant O'Brien, what a record for you,

Oh! McCarthyites all, what a banner you've unfurled,

On it this motto we read: "Now Home Rule's fallen through"

And Ould Ireland is again the jest of the world.

Christmas, December 25th, 1890.

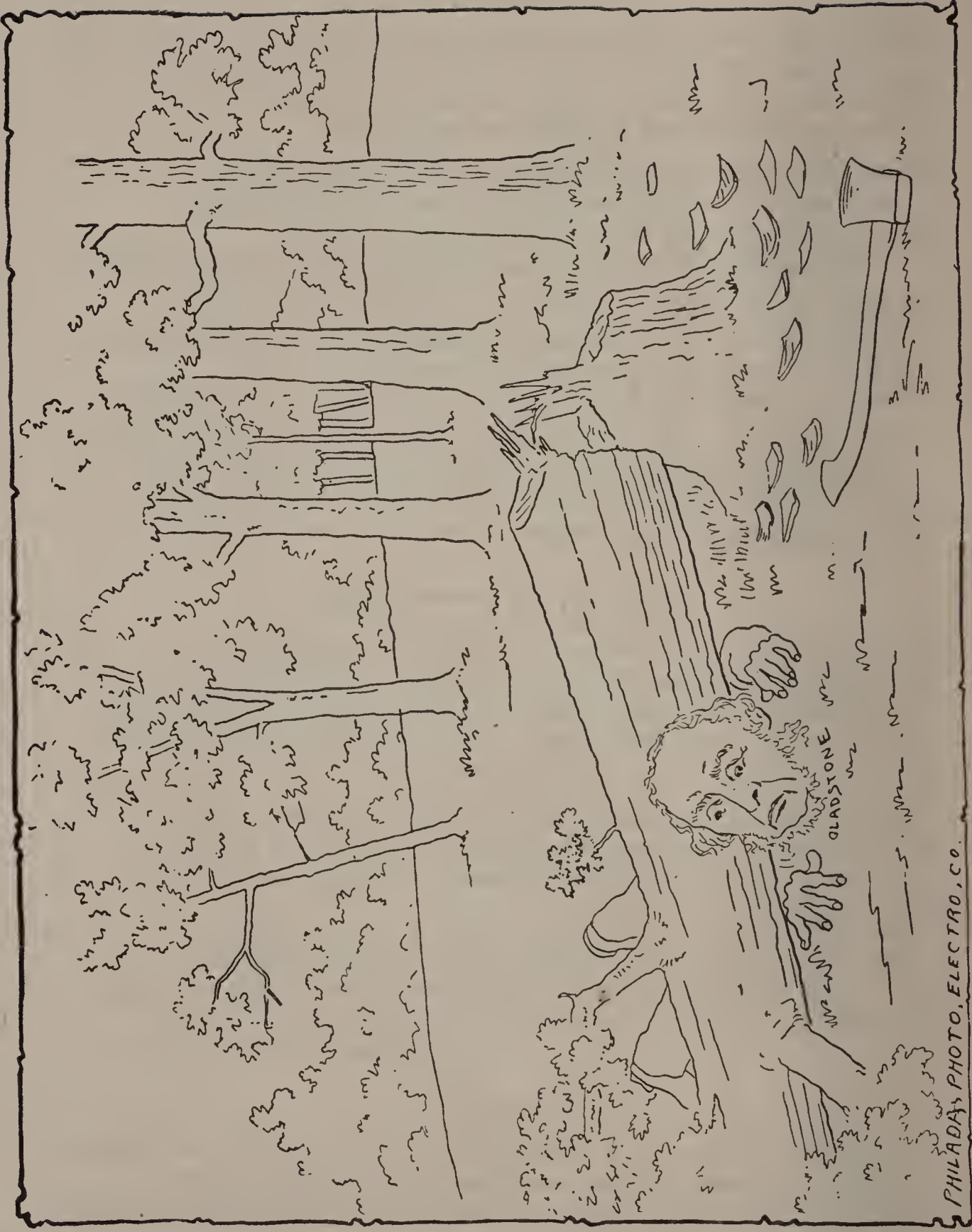
MORALITY.

London has a dirty, smoky atmosphere, but it's a clean moral city,

With it's nobility so pure and liberal leaders like saints,

And though Scotland smells rank with odor of illegitimacy, what
pity;

When Wales' Royal Highness passes by 'tis said, Gladstone
nigh faints.



PHILADA PHOTO-ELECTRO, CO.

“Oh why did I not stand from under.”

Inscribed to the Grand Old Man.

[Tune, Woodman Spare That Tree].

THE SCOTCH WOODSMAN.

When blew the cold winds 'till the blood tingled in his veins;
 And the air was crisp with ozone,
 A Grand Old Man, walked through his ancestral domains,
 Till he stood before a tree alone.

With sinewey strength, an axe in air he did swing,
 Then swift cut into a stout tree's trunk,
 As louder on the air, sound of his axe did ring,
 The chips flew in increasing chunk.

But when he tried his hand on the Celtic tree, Parnell,
 Cutting it through with one swift stroke,
 Descending too quickly, on the woodsman, it fell,
 He lay crushed beneath it, neck broke,

And now this is the legend, the villagers tell,
 Of the man who cut the tree asunder,
 That he cried as the falling tree sounded his knell.
 "O why did I not stand from under."

*Friday, January, 1891.**To the Irish Hosts.*

THE IRISH GENERAL PARNELL OF '90-91.

On the eve of the battle, the Irish host lay entrenched in their
 fortified camp,
 All hearts beat high with expectancy, at the thought of the
 conflict that was nearing,
 The proud general in his tent, forming projects, was examining
 his plans by the light of his lamp,
 All confident of his soldiers, unconscious of danger, no enemy
 fearing.

There were Papists and Orangemen, Scots and Saxons, peace-
 fully united under his banner,
 Intent on wresting from the "Tories" Home Rule, and
 the Plan of Campaign defending,
 When disaffected captains, selfishly ambitious, taking offence
 at the general's manner,
 Began fomenting rebellion among the troops, regardless of
 the battle impending.

A false captain with a man at arms, crept near the tent, like a thief in the night.

On the eve of a battle, like a hired assassin, the great general's death planning.

Aiming his arquebuse the soldier fired, his bullet pierced the sole weak spot in the armor bright.

Amid the wild uproar which followed, loyal soldiers went hurrying to and fro, their posts quick manning.

As with loud shouts, 'mid waving lights, flashing swords, they thronged about the general's tent,

And false allies were seeking, from their allegiance the forces to draw,—destroyed was all gladness.

Then dire confusion reigned, the camp in wild conflict, on each other's destruction bent.

Rebels and incensed troops, once comrades and friends, destroyed each other in madness.

Swift was the news borne by messengers to the foe, who lay waiting expecting this event.

With rapid marches, they pushed on to capture the town, the fighting camp entirely ignoring.

On to the town, long besieged, once impregnable, now lying at their mercy, they swiftly went.

The wounded general defenceless, wild execrations on the heads of the rebels pouring.

Mounting his charger, he dashed through the camp and reached the hills, close followed by his friends.

Swift riding, he passed the enemy in the night, the heart of his citadel regaining;

From all sides, fighting bands seek service 'neath his banner resolute to his ends.

A new army he forms, still the proud position of general, which his country conferred retaining.

Now his faithful adherents, burnishing, and buckling on their weapons, are to the rendezvous hastening,

From all points they come, from the centre to the sea, o'er hills and vales they're tramping,

While stragglers and rebels, returning to their allegiance, mild admonitions are chastening.

General Parnell rides at the head of his army once more, his proud charger on its steel bit champing.

Philadelphia, December 27th, 1890.

To the Citizens of Cork.

A CANON BOOM.

A Canon, wise and sanctified, stands before the World
And proclaims: "I could if I would, and I will,
If the Propaganda doth not instantly cease."

O! wise Churchman, dost think, that men
Will quail before this childish threat, or that the world's
Intelligence will act upon so slight a base, as this,
thy Bugaboo hath founded?

Thou, thyself, hath declared that the leader's most bitter
Foes have kept sacred their trust, and proven true
to confidence.

But it remains for thee, a churchman,
To give the world an exhibition of a lack of principle,
Scorned by others, many of whom profess no religion at all.
How came'st thou by thy asserted morsel of knowledge?

Did some friend whisper in confidence
In thine ear, that which he was in honor bound to keep?
And dost thou propose to be guilty of the double
Treachery?

Or is some coward behind thee, urging thee to do
That which he fears to do, and using thee as his
Cat's paw?

Why dost thou speak at all?
Art animated by some noble impulse, which impels thee
And urges thee at stern-duty's bidding to assail thy
Country's great leader?
Know then, thou should'st either have spoken outright, or have
Held thy peace?

If duty bids thee speak, if thou knowest
Aught, which thou art in conscience, bound to impart to
Christian men, to aid them in their judgment, why art thou silent?
Why hear we naught but base insinuation from thee?
Think'st thou to move the world by a vain and empty threat?

Get thee to an oratory.
Thou know'st nothing, the betrayal of which, will bring to
Ireland good, nor the telling of which will bring thee
Aught, but ridicule or shame.

Philadelphia, January 7, 1891.

The following astounding telegram has just appeared in the New York World :

THE CHURCH WILL STAND FIRM.

ARMAGH, Jan. 2. The most Rev. Michael Logue, Archbishop of the Dioscese of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland, replying to an address of welcome, on his return from Rome, declared that the Bishop and Priests of Ireland would have nothing to do with any compromise in regard to Mr. Parnell's retirement, *unless he married Mrs. O'Shea*, and he defied Mr. Parnell and his followers to carry on the agitation against the clergy.

There can only be two explanations of this telegram; Either it is entirely false, or the Bishop, has lost his head. We prefer to consider the first the true explanation. Mrs. O'Shea has not obtained an absolute decree of Divorce, and no moral prelate would think of advising the committal of bigamy. And while it is begining to be a problem to know just what the Irish Church teaches, it has always been understood that the Catholic Church taught "That he that marrieth her that is put away, committeth adultery. *The New York World* owed it to itself, as well as to its Catholic readers, that such a preposterous statement, should not have appeared in its columns as coming from an Irish Catholic Archbishop.

THREE DAYS LATER.

The Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, an eminently careful and conservative paper, not given to publishing untrustworthy news, and whose editorial staff is closely associated with high Catholic dignitaries in Philadelphia, publishes the same telegram one day later.

Can it be possible that the other supposition is correct? Viz: that the Primate of Ireland has lost his head, and given utterance to such a preposterous statement. It is beyond belief, but the strange events happening in Ireland during the past few weeks, prepares the mind for most anything. It wants but a Bull from the Holy Father, declaring the Irish Bishops heretics, to add the finishing touch to the whole business.

[Adver.]

THE OLD RELIABLE.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed."

The mirror before which I stand,
The shaving cup in my right hand,
The silver buckle of my suspender band,
Are all mended with Stratena.

The meerschaum pipe, I gaily smoke,
The beautiful pitcher, my little girl broke,
The clasp of my Rita's opera cloak,
Are all mended with Stratena.

The catch which closes my pocket book,
The telescope through which I often look,
The binding rare, of my favorite book,
Are all mended with Stratena.

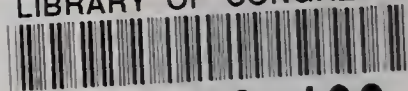
The wooden rung, of my rocking chair,
The comb, with which I part my hair,
My jewel case, with treasures rare,
Are all mended with Stratena.

The cherubs face, in St. Nicholas church,
The swing, upon which my canary doth perch,
My disciplinary rod, 'tis made of birch,
Are all mended with Stratena.

My fractured limb, which the surgeon did set,
My broken heart, whose rupture I regret,
Are the only things, you can safely bet,
Which can't be mended with Stratena.

My money's invested, some of it spent,
I'm occasionally short, when the balance is lent,
But I am satisfied, and quite content,
So long as I have Stratena.

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[Adver.]



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